



The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vng beſe heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your cryſtall Trefles in the Skie,
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting Stars,
That haue conſented vnto Henries death:
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to liue long,
England ne're loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Gloſt. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deſeruing to command,
His brandiſht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes ſpred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his Deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne're liſt vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourne we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer ſhall reuiue:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths diſhonourable Viſitarie,
We with our ſtately preſence gloriſie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or ſhall we thinke the ſubtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verſes haue contriud his end.

Winch. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.
The Battailles of the Lord of Hoſts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him ſo prosperous.

Gloſt. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not ſo ſoone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. Gloſt, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and Realme:
Thy Wife is proud, ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloſt. Name not Religion, for thou lou'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceafe, ceafe theſe larres, & reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In ſtead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead,
Poſteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moiſt eyes, Babes ſhall ſuck,
Our Ile be made a Nouriſh of ſalt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghoſt I inuocate:
Proſper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerſe Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then Iulius Ceſar, or bright----

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to youall:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſſe of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheimes, Orleans,
Paris Guyſors, Poitiers, are all quite loſt.

Bedf. What ſay'ſt thou man, before dead Henry's Coarſe?
Speake ſoftly, or the loſſe of thoſe great Townes
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from death.

Gloſt. Is Paris loſt? is Roan yeelded vp?
If Henry were recall'd to life againe,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yeeld the Ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what trecherie was vs'd?
Meſſ. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongſt the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine ſeueral Factions:
And whilſt a Field ſhould be diſpatcht and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.

One would haue lingring Warres, with little coſt;
Another would flye ſwift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinke, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh Nobilitie,
Let not ſlouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my ſteeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with theſe diſgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in ſtead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermiſſiue Miſeries.

Enter

The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Lords view theſe Letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is reuolted from the Engliſh quite,
Except ſome petty Townes, of no import.

The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Baſtard of Orleans with him is ioyn'd:

Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alenſon flyeth to his ſide.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither ſhall we flye from this reproach?

Gloſt. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloſt, why doubtſt thou of my forwardneſſe?
An Army haue I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearie,
I muſt informe you of a diſmall fight,

Between the ſtout Lord Talbot, and the French.
Winch. What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is't ſo?

3. Meſſ. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrowne:
The circumſtance Ile tell you more at large.

The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadfull Lord,
Reuyring from the Siege of Orleans,
Hauing full ſcarce fix thouſand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thouſand of the French
Was round incompaſſed, and ſet vpon:
No leſſure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to ſet before his Archers:
In ſtead whereof, ſharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground conſuſedly,
To keepe the Horſemen off, from breaking in.

More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he ſent to Hell, and none durſt ſtand him:

Here, there, and quere where enrag'd, he ſlew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army ſtood agaz'd on him.

His Souldiers ſpying his vndaunted Spirit,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd our amaine,
And ruſht into the Bowels of the Battaille.

Here had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd vp,
If Sir Iohn Falſtaffe had not play'd the Coward.

He being in the Vauward, plac'd behinde,
With purpoſe to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing ſtruck one ſtroake.

Hence grew the generall wrack and maſſacre:
Enclod were they with their Enemies.

A baſe Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thruſt Talbot with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe aſſembled ſtrength,
Durſt not preſume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is Talbot ſlaine then? I will ſlay my ſelfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and eaſe,
Whilſt ſuch a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3. Meſſ. O no, he liues, but is tooke Priſoner,
And Lord Scyles with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or tooke likewiſe.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I ſhall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne ſhall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Maſters, to my Taſke will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint Georges Feaſt withall.
Ten thouſand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all Europe quake.

3. Meſſ. So you had need, for Orleans is beſieg'd,
The Engliſh Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisburie craueth ſupply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,

Since they ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.
Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry ſworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation.

Gloſt. Ile to the Tower with all the haſt I can,
To view th' Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young Henry King.

Exit Gloſt.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpeciall Gouvernor,
And for his ſafetie there Ile beſt deuife.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be tack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt Sterne of publike Weale.

Exit.

Sound a Flouriſh.

Enter Charles, Alenſon, and Reigneir, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he ſhine vpon the Engliſh ſide:

Now we are Victors, vpon vs he ſmiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleaſure here we lye, neere Orleans:

Otherwhiles, the famiſht Engliſh, like pale Ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Beeces:
Eyther they muſt be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayſe the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisburie.

And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, ſound Alarum, we will ruſh on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me goe back one foot, or flye.

Here Alarum, they are beaten back, by the
Engliſh, with great loſſe.

Enter Charles, Alenſon, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer ſaw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Daſtards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'miſt my Enemies.

Reigneir. Salisburie is a deſperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe ruſh vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alan. Froy.